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McGahey

Will o' th' Wisp

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WILL O'TH' WISP
A
LEGEND IN VERSE

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"Thus far with Will, he'd worked but still
Feeling compelled against his will
To thump away, and labour on
By puissance of some power unknown
Page

WILL O' TH' WISP;

OR,

A Good Work never Lost.

A LEGEND OF LITTLE BRITAIN

IN VERSE.

BY

JOHN Mc. GAHEY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION

BY KENNY MEADOWS.

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PREFACE.

The story which the author has attempted to illustrate is extant among Irish Legends, and, with several variations, among continental and, perhaps, oriental tales of that class. The personages, as well as the superhuman incidents, are among those variations: that of the *arm chair* alone appearing to have been universally adopted.

The hint enabling the author to work into the texture of his production the character of the dumb blacksmith was taken from a German romance

It will be seen by the proem that the work was written at the time of the agitation for the Repeal of the Union. That time has happily passed. Semi-public, official duties for a series of years caused the author to throw the production aside.

By the advice of his friends, he now offers it to them and the public, and hopes its modest form and pretentions will not prejudice any merit it may possess.

A meagre skeleton of a tale, heard in his early youth, was all the author had for his subject. He has endeavoured to fill it up characteristically and circumstantially; and will be gratified if he should learn he has produced a readable little work.

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WILL O' TH' WISP;

OR,

A GOOD WORK NEVER LOST.

A LEGEND OF LITTLE BRITAIN.

There is an isle, and scarce a finer,
By Romans called "BRITANNIA MINOR:"
A fitting name enough to hit on
For one so near akin to Britain,
Which those who preach up disaffection
And the Isles' anomalous connexion
Should ponder, e're they lead eight million
Of native Britons to rebellion;
And as 'tis clear enough no hatchment
Proclaims the death of their attachment
To Roman nomenclature yet,
And the old Latin epithet
"MAGNA" continues to distinguish
BRITANNIA that is Scotch and English,
In every sense it seems befitting
We still call Erin "LITTLE BRITAIN." [a]

In Little Britain, then, tradition
Tells of St. Patrick, on his mission,
How, travelling near the bog of Allan,
The nag he rode on lame had fallen
Through loss of shoes and want of shoeing,
Which to his mission must be ruin,
Unless he soon should fall in with
Some kind and charitable smith.

In village near, close by the bridge end,
Lived Will, the hero of our legend,
A blacksmith he, and much renowned,
Resort of all the country round.
As thitherward St. Patrick led,
In piteous plight, his drooping steed,
The sound of Willie's anvil near
Struck on the Saint's delighted ear;
But first on steed's, who pricks his ears up,
And snorts and snuffs the air and rears up,
Forgets he's lame, and, twitching sidelong,
Runs off to Will with saddle and bridle on;
But ne'er a rider, whom our wight
Supposed he'd thrown, till his sad plight
Perceiving, Willie took for granted
The beast had come for what he wanted;
And when, his way and nag pursuing,
The Saint came, Will was busy shoeing.

"Good man," quoth Patrick, "stay your hand,
And let this matter be explained;
For not a coin have I this earth in
To pay with—not a copper farthing."

"Indeed I won't, then," was Will's answer,
"You take me for some other man, sir:
Is't I would let the poor beast pass
In such a pitiable case?
When you come back pay, if you've money,
And if you've none, just keep it, honey."

This generosity so won
The Saint's good will, he vowed, when done,
If by a miracle or two, [b]
The noble deed should have its due.

And now, good readers, not to fail
In true construction of our tale,
While Willie nails the shoes the horse on,
His former life we will discourse on.

Will came of a sad heathen race;
Was bred and born in this same place;
Then bred again to smith's work was,
But never born again, alas!

His father was a smith before him,
And, dying, Will did much deplore him;
But soon took comfort, which his father
In shape of cash contrived to gather.
This did no good to Will, but evil;
He laid out all on drink and revel;
Yet none could say his cash was squandered,
For all went to the tavern landlord.
A drunken dog he grew, nor would he
Work at his trade for any body,
Though there was no one else to do it;
But at the last he had to rue it:
For even while he yet had not
Quite sent his money all to pot,
A rival forge was in one day
Set up, and drew his work away,
Yet whence the stranger smith had come
No one could learn, for he was dumb;
While jobs poured in upon him thickly,
And folk stared—they were done so quickly.

"The wight that will not when he may,
Shan't when he will," old proverbs say:
This Will was now obliged to learn
When he'd no work his bread to earn,
Nor cash; and people cared no more
For him than he for them before:

Even his pot companions shunned him,
And he the landlord, for he dunned him.

Whether it be that constant tipple
Washes away the brains of people,
Reducing them at all events
To a sort of guilty innocents:
Or whether their retiring senses
Draw the divine intelligences,
Their guardian angels, quite away,
And fiends come in, 'twere bold to say;
But one thing's clear, your sots sometimes
Are capable of fearful crimes;
And Will had now got to that sure pass
Most fitting for the devil's purpose:
It hence becomes our painful task
To shew the manner how *en masque*
The devil did poor Will cajole,
And got the bargain of his soul.

Made desperate through keen want and scorn,
Life was too dreadful to be borne,
So, with intent to hang himself,
He took a rope from off a shelf;
But, while he fastened it to a hook up,
It struck him 'twould be best to tuck up

The rogue that robbed him of his business,
And so had brought him into this mess;
Moreover it would save the unpleasant
Sacrifice of his neck at present,
Though afterwards it might endanger;
But none knew the intruding stranger
Whom he'd so quietly despatch
That no suspicion should attach;
Then he'd work hard, impelled by want,
And none should miss the old miscreant.
The diabolic deed thus planned, he,
First considering it more handy
To knock him down, then with the rope
Make him amends and hang him up,
Concealed a cudgel 'neath his clothes,
And left his home to seek his foe's.

'Twas night, and all was drear and gloomy
When Will came to the forge of dummy,
Who, hard at work, his forge fire flaming
Bright in the darkness as Will came in,
Upon him threw a covert look
As not displeased; but further took
No heed of his fair-seeming foe,
Till Will said, "Shall I give you a blow?"
Laying his hand upon the bellows black,
That he might be at the old fellow's back.

"Yes, if you're able!" was replied
With voice that Will electrified,
So unexpected, and with hint
Conveyed as of defiance in't.
Yet 'twas the sound alone which fell
Upon his ears so horrible;
For though the speaker's look was grim,
He still seemed not displeased with him.
Thus reassured, Will tried, unable
To blow the bellows formidable.
Thought Will, "What strength must *he* have
for 'em!
The devil take them! I can't stir 'em."
The other instantly did seize,
And worked them greatly at his ease;
Pouring a roaring storm into
The fire, which burnt so fierce and blue,
That Will grew somewhat terrified;
But did not shew it, out of pride.
Meanwhile the blower, ceasing, stooped
And took up cudgel which had dropped
From Will whilst pulling hard and hauling,
Whose fears foreboded now a mauling,
And scarce were eased, to see it blazing
I'the fire, for blood poured out like resin.

Quoth the other then, addressing Will,
"In magic I have some small skill,

(My dumbness, as you now perceive,
Was nothing but a make-believe,)
And by mine art have that found out
Which needs not more be said about
Than this, that had you known me really,
You ne'er had tried to harm *me*, Willie:
Your friend am I, believe me, brother—
Your friend, when left, you have no other:
To prove it, you shall be restored
To your lost pleasures at a word,
And, without robbery or pillage,
Be wealthier than all the village."

Will asked him "How?" "Your word just
give,"
Quoth he, "That every day you live,
In brimming bumpers you will drown
Life's cares before the sun goes down.
Means shall not lack, as I do warrant ye;
But your performance needs a guarantee."
"Just take my word, and you'll not suffer,"
Cried Will, elated by the offer,
"I not get drunk! may old Nick fetch me
If sober you at sunset catch me!"

"Be that the bargain!" quoth the other,
And vanished in a smoky smother,

As did, no vestige left, the smithy.
Quoth Will, "The bargain, fiend, go with thee!
I little dreamt with thee to make it,
And less that thou'dst be first to break it:
For means he left me in the lurch has.
What way have I one drop to purchase?
I'm more than ever now forlorn."
Then went home sad and slept till morn,
When he was waked up by a crowd,
Who all at once began aloud
Each to implore him to do first
His job, for his need was the worst.

"How's this?" quoth Will, "The day that's gone
I might have starved for want of one."

"Oh!" cried the whole, "That dumb, old thief
Has choused us all beyond belief:
There's not an implement of tillage,
Or piece of iron in the village,
That e'er upon his anvil lay,
But has this morning turned to clay."

"Go to him, then, and tell him on't,"
Quoth Will, "and call him to account."

"Alas! he's fled, and not a trace
Of him is left upon the place—
Gone, as he came, no man knows whither."
Quoth Will, "You're all served right together,
For leaving me, that was born with ye,
And thronging to a stranger's smithy.
But no apologies, good neighbours;
You still are welcome to my labours;
Yet every mother's son shall sum me
Up twice as much as he paid Dummy,
And on this anvil lay his brass
Ere I thereon his iron place:
So now, your pressing cases proving,
Down with your money, or be moving."

Remonstrance vain, each paid at length;
But Will must first recruit his strength,
Which he in not less then a week did;
And 'twas like strength of corps effected
With copious drink, when case is urgent,
As practised by recruiting sergeant.

Seven days' potations past, our toper
Upon the next began work sober;
But, tiring in the afternoon,
To drinking once more changed his tune:

And thus each day he more or less
Worked, and then took to drunkenness:
For he was skilful, and could do
Much work, when he'd a mind thereto,
In little space, and so had leisure
And means to tipple at his pleasure.

Always i'th' afternoon he had
This custom, like Prince Hamlet's dad,
And into his head had that poured down
Which oft bereft him of a crown.

His reckless course unchecked he pursued
Till Patrick came to have his horse shod,
When, for steed's sake, once in a way
He agreed to lengthen out his day;
And, to his profit as his praise,
He thereby lengthened out his days,
As you shall hear.
The horse is shod,
The Saint's amount and on the road,
While in his shop the blacksmith chuckles
And laughs, relaxing oft his knuckles.
And well he may! The little aid
He lent the Saint is well repaid:
Three wished-for things, be what they will,
The Saint has promised to fulfil,

By virtue of miraculous power,
If thought upon within an hour.

Now, had Will but been wise, alas!
Instead of an egregious ass,
He'd made his labour on the occasion
The working out of his salvation;
But minding nothing of that sort,
The first thought in his head was sport.
"Whoe'er in this arm chair shall sit
May he not rise till I think fit!"
This first he wished, and his sides shook
At thought of such a standing joke.

The next was better than a jest,
As oft the second thought is best,
For often needing extra aid
In the exigencies of his trade,
He wished that whosoever took
His sledge, and on the anvil struck,
Might by no means relinquish it
Or cease to beat till he thought fit.

The third wish, in a worldly view,
Was better still than the other two:
In case the needful should grow scant
He thought he'd save himself from want

By wishing the first shilling he
Dropped in his leather bag might be
His to lay out, and still to find
Back in his bag when he'd a mind:
For ever drawn from, yet undrawn,
The purse of the shy cluricaune. [c]

Scarce had he laid his wishing cap
O'th' shelf, when who should fill the gap
Of door but the old vanished blacksmith,
Whom he'd consented to go snacks with.

Will mustered courage to solicit
His meaning by this unsought visit.
"My meaning? Is not sunset far gone?
I come to keep you to your bargain."
Quoth Will, "That bargain, sir, you broke,
And, vanishing, left it all smoke."

"Broke!" t'other cried; "have I not given
The means whereby your trade has thriven?
What job could you have laid your hand on,
Had I not pleased the place to abandon?
Or how had you got double pay,
If my work had not turned to clay?
Thus my word's kept: nor did you miss
A day, ere set of sun, till this,

To take your usual, drunken surfeit;
And 'twas yourself proposed the forfeit:
Sober at sunset now I catch you,
And am arrived, old Nick, to fetch you."
Trapped into more than he'd intended,
Will saw his case could not be mended
By flat resistance, so prayed Satan
To indulge him by a little waiting.

"Since you're so reasonable and civil,
I'll wait a short time," quoth the Devil.
"Thank you," quoth Will, and plied his hand,
"But won't you sit, man, while you stand?"
The fiend sat down, quite unaware
Of Will's wish, or his gifted chair.
For he had not ta'en any trouble
With Will, as loth to lay out double
The necessary pains to lure
One to him of whom he was sure,
And only just looked in to see
That Will was fuddled faithfully
Each eve at sunset, since the agreement,
Nor knew the Saint's miraculous payment.

Will thought, "Now if the old traveller's
tricked me
As well as old Nick here, that's nicked me,

And these three wishes I've been hugging
Should turn out nothing but humbugging,
I'm lost for aye!" While thus he mused,
The fiendly anger was aroused,
For Willie's work began to hang,
And lazily the anvil rang.
When thus the Fiend; "No more I'll wait here,
Will; you impose on my good nature."
The blacksmith now must sink or swim;
So, casting careless eye on him,
Exclaimed, "You *shall* wait; devil a bit
You stir from this till I think fit."
This riled the Fiend, who would have risen,
But found his nether end in prison,
Which to release leg bail he offered:
The chair refused, though promptly proffered.
O'erjoyed at this, Will laughed outright,
Which but increased the Devil's spite;
Enraged to find a man his duper,
He curst and swore like any trooper,
With horrid oaths and blasphemies
B—ting Will's false tongue and his eyes;
But all his blastings harmless passed
The Blacksmith, like an idle blast,
Who shut his shop up, and away
To tavern hied with small delay;

But, stirring first at door his wit up,
Begged Satan would "be pleased to sit up
For his return." This said, our spark
The Prince of Darkness left i'th' dark.

Will spent the night in drunken riot,
And deemed he enhanced his triumph by it:
Went home as soon as sobered fairly,
And found the Fiend inclined for parley,
Who promised seven whole years to leave him
If he his liberty would give him.
This Will agreed to, but with tact,
Sinking the true cause of the fact,
Said, "The seat's virtue he must trace
As to St. Patrick's resting place,
Who'd sat thereon, and when he rose
Devoutly made the sign o'th cross;
And still, i'faith, till it be made here,
You fundamentally must adhere."
Will made it, and, in great despite,
The Devil vanished at the sight.

Will when he'd got rid of the Fiend,
Instead of trying to amend,
His old course took without abhorrence,
And no particular occurrence
(Save some resistance which a chief
Was offering to the new belief)

Transpired, till, at the seven years' finis,
Again comes his Satanic Highness.

"Your time is come, and so am I,
And you must come too, instantly.
The night of horrors I endured
On that cursed chair, if well assured
Of fifty souls as ripe as you are,
I would not once again endure;
For even I have my enjoyment
Whilst I can find myself employment;
But, forced to inactivity,
Thought kindles Hell where'er I be:
This time be certain I'll not wait,
And now you're mine as sure as fate."

Thus Satan; and thus Will: "In troth,
The time's but awkward, though, for both;
For if this order I'm upon,
Of horse-shoes be not quickly done
The Christian faith may gain the sway,
And all our work be thrown away.
The enemy is in great force;
These parts must send two hundred horse:
This lot's the last that I'm now doing."
On this old Beelzebub looked knowing,

And swore the campaign should not lose
Its cavalry for want of shoes;
Nor the effort, which himself had planned,
Fall through while he could lend a hand;
Then, seizing sledge with hasty snatch,
Soon of Will's order made dispatch;
For every time his heavy hand fell,
A shoe complete was on the anvil!

Thus far with Will he'd worked, but still
Feeling compelled, against his will,
To thump away and labour on
By puissance of some power unknown;
And fathoming with fiend's discernment
In Willie's aspect some concernment
In the anti-diabolic trick,
It raised the fury of old Nick,
And eke the sledge to such a pitch,
He tried, with arms upon the stretch,
To knock down Will; but by the spell
If still upon the anvil fell.

Thus frustrated, more furious grown,
Each blow on anvil now rang down
With such appalling vehemence
As drove Will near beside his sense.

The smithy shakes at every stroke:
The ground heaves as with earthquake shock:
The anvil, mid the deafening sound,
Seems sinking, driven into the ground;
Whilst scorching fires flash out, wherein
With vengeful gestures devils grin,
So that Will looked to see no less
Then hell's mouth flaming from the place.

Seeing no chance of anvil smashing,
Nor use to put himself in a passion,
The Devil cooled, and wished to treat;
And Will, his overtures to meet,
Accepts again the old condition,
Seven years' exemption from pervition.
At first he meant to make him grant
A space far more exhorbitant;
But, frightened by his power's dread proof,
Was glad thus well to let him off.

No change in Will these seven years made:
He stuck to drink, and to his trade:
And at the end, when Satan came,
Most punctually his due to claim,
The smith was in his smithy, hard
At work; while Beelzebub, prepared,

Lest some new trick was still in store,
Refused to come within the door.
But Will looked sad, and eyed the Fiend
Like one arrived at his wits' end:
Dropped hammer, and did apron doff,
No use in keeping hell's sparks off,
And with his sullen, guide infernal
Set out for realms of pain eternal.

Now, as they passed the public house
Where 'twas Will's habit to carouse,
Loud rang the sounds of mirth and revel,
On which Will thus addressed the Devil.
"You hear the joys, to which for cleaving,
For your dry country mine I'm leaving:
I've served you well, and served you out
Twice." Quoth the Devil, "You have no doubt,
But won't again;" and looked most direly:
"I mean the two seven years entirely,"
Quoth Will, "your honor gave me longer;
But now all's past, and you're the stronger:
You won't bear malice any way,
And not a drink I've had this day;
I'd take just one last parting drop;
But all my money's in my shop."
The Devil on Will a keen look tent,
But Will seemed really innocent

Of all intention to deceive,
And Satan said, "I'd give you leave,
As it's the last before you go;
But have no money to do so."
Will quick replied, "If you've no pelf,
Just into a shilling change yourself,
As you can do; then you'll be present
To see that every thing goes pleasant.

"I'll do it, since your wish is fervent,
And you have been so good a servant;
Take hold of me just where you stand"—
Will grasped—a shilling in his hand.

Let not our readers here suppose
We coin, for so the legend goes; [d]
And if it proves, as now we tell 'em,
Shillings were current coin o'th realm
At that time, hence let spring no schism;
It is not an anachronism:
And though the fact is past concealing
That this was surely a *bad* shilling,
And could not be produced in court
To prove the matter we support;
Yet counterfeits will sometimes do
To prove the existence of the true;

But in this case, 'tis understood,
'Twill serve as well as if 'twere good;
For on one point the law is strong,
"*No gain is had from our own wrong:*"
And though the Devil attempted well
As counterfeit to evade the spell,
When into his leather bag Will slid him,
It would not serve, and there he did him.

Will fortunately from the day
He'd helped St. Patrick on his way
Had never bagged a single stiver,
Nor e'er considered a survivor;
His earnings were received and spent,
For as they came just so they went:
But now the case was altered, having
A motive powerful for saving
His coin not only, but himself,
The moment he had touched the pelf,
His leather bag at once received it,
Whence very quickly he retrieved it,
And in repeated strong potations
Spent it and eke the Devil's patience.
For when Will's turn was served, the Evil
One wished to turn again to a Devil,
To serve his own; but all in vain
He found that he was bagged again

Confined within a narrow bourne,
Where was no room for him to turn;
By circle magical surrounded,
And shilling's small circumference bounded.

'Tis sad man's courage e'er should flag,
And that the Devil e'er left Will's bag:
What ill, what mischief and what rapine
Have happened since that could not happen,
If Will, possessed of courage stout,
Had never let the Devil out.
But dissipation forecast marred,
And as the Devil pressed him hard,
Will from his custody released him,
When offered "any terms that pleased him."
Then quickly vanished the old villain
As from the goaler flies a felon.

Will's habits stuck to him life through,
Nor better much, nor worse he grew;
But, as he could not live for ever,
And as again old Nick came never,
Will died one day, while drinking toddy,
And off his soul went from the body,
Proceeding through ethereal space,
Instinctively to its own place.

No claim had he to go to glory ;
And where to look for Purgatory
He knew not, so attempted neither,
And to a place came worse than either.

A huge, dim gate before him reared
It's dusky archway, that appeared
Like cavern mouth, and on it's frame
A knocker hung like battering ram,
Which seemed to glow, and, on approach
Of any, knocked without a touch.
Dismal the echoing sounds which broke,
Reverberating to the stroke,
And from within the infernal sentry
Demanded, "Who and what claimed entry?"
"The blacksmith from the Bog of Allan,
A'nt please ye." Instantly appalling
Uproar arose and dire alarms ;
Loud beat the Devil's drums to arms ;
Portcullisses and posterns slammed :
Artillery through ramparts rammed :
And on the Stygian horizon
Fires flashed and ran as if apprizing,
Like signal beacons, distant bands,
And hell was mustering all hands.

Will waited, horror creeping o'er him,
Till hell should break loose to devour him;
To wreak dread vengeance and all evil
For having dared cajole the Devil.

Ere yet the uproar could abate,
Red flashed the flame—wide flew the gate:
Beneath the arch the arch-fiend stood,
And with him a vast multitude
Of lesser Fiends, in close array
And deep, drawn up across the way;
In formidable order formed,
As if expecting to be stormed.

"Now keep him off! ye Devil's kin,
For if you let that fellow in,
He'll play the Devil with us all,
And in the bottomless pit will fall.
This is the knave that nicked my wit,
And forged me into a counterfeit:
I sat his guest, his helper stood,
And laid myself out for his good;
But, sitting, standing, or laid out,
His magic mastered me throughout:
Once let him pass within hell's gorge,
He'll fetters for the furies forge;

And all the souls, we've toiled so much
To obtain, will thus escape our clutch.
Ev'n let him find out other cheer:
All very fine—he don't lodge here." [c]

Will, at this unexpected turn,
Assumed an air of unconcern;
For had he e'er so hot a mind
To sultry quarters, or inclined
To insist upon his title to
A place within the place of wo,
The posture of the enemy
Had daunted bolder wight than he;
And so, to put a face as good
Upon the matter as he could,
He vowed he would not leave the place,
His way unable to retrace,
Unless they furnished him a light
To guide him from the realms of night.
This declaration had upon 'em
So great effect, that Pandemonium
Raised warm debate upon the case,
And hot dispute, as fit the place,
Ending however in compliance
With Wills demand and bold defiance;
And out they pitchforked him a lantern,
And which the Blacksmith seized instanter on.

Then straightway from the crooked way,
Bearing his prize, the infernal ray,
He swiftly earthward shaped his route
As if the Devil was in pursuit—
Who had no mind such game to track,
Well pleased to see the Blacksmith's back.

At length, alighting where he could,
He tried to reach his old abode;
But found his downward expedition
Had so transmogrified his vision,
He could not see, unless at night,
And only by the Devil's light.
Then over marshes' moist meander,
And bogs' wet wastes he took to wander,
With baffled hope to find his home,
But near it cannot ever come,
Afforded by his lantern's ray
Just light enough to lead astray.
Thus, destined till the day of doom
To wander in nocturnal gloom,
He flits about; and many a one
Has seen him and has been undone:
And many more will share that fate
Before his wanderings terminate.

Some say, that as he, while alive,
From moisture did his strength derive,
(A wet soul truly from the first)
So now, impelled by burning thirst,
He seeks these haunts, and drunken wights
Are prone to follow him o'nights;
For doubtless 'tis well understood!
They naturally take to mud;
And, wanting ditch wherein to tumble,
Will put up with a kennel humble.

And now the point, or moral edge,
Our Legend carries is the "Pledge;"
Which, to avoid impending scath, you
Had better take with Father Matthew,
Than with the unholy personage
With whom poor Willie took the pledge;
Who, but for one good work of his,
Had been far worse off than he is.

NOTES.

(*a*) Page 1. "We still call Erin "Little Britain."

"Little" for "minor" seems a tolerably free translation; but in naming our streets the word "*little*" is used strictly in the sense of "minor." Little Queen Street, for instance, being lesser than Great Queen Street, although itself larger than some distinguished as "*great*" and giving the name of "*little*" to some inferior neighbour.

(*b*) Page 7. If by a miracle or two
The noble deed should have its due.

The theory of the exercise of miraculous power, in the old legends, seems to be, that the Saints were debarred from it for purposes relating to their personal wants: but could by it reward the attentions of others.

(*c*) Page 17. For ever drawn from, yet undrawn,
The purse of the shy cluricaune.

The Cluricaune is a species of fairy who carries a purse to which all the money when spent returns. He is so shy of the eyes of mortals, that if by surprise he can be discovered, he decamps so precipitately as to forget his purse. The lucky mortal may under such circumstances appropriate purse.

(*d*) Page 25. Let not our readers here suppose
We coin, for so the legend goes.

There is an old book in the British Museum, dedicated to a Bishop of Derry, in which the date of the coining of shillings is stated to be anterior to the time of St. Patrick.

(*e*) Page 30. Ev'n let him find out other cheer:
All very fine: he don't lodge here.

When this work was written the above expression was in its popular meridian.

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